CHAPTER III.

The Walloon Language—Error of Sir Walter Scott—Flemish never spoken in Liege—Origin of the Walloon Language—Its Characteristics—The popular Dialect—War Cries—The Lord's Prayer—Hungaro-Walloons—Fetes de la Reine—Paskeies—Political Songs—Noels—The Cramignon—Paskeie—Walloon Chronicles—Walloon Dramas—Decline of Walloon Literature—Walloon Poet—Recent Efforts.

THROUGHOUT the country that borders the Meuse between Liége and Givet, embracing the Condroz and a part of the Ardennes on the right bank, and the districts of the Hesbaye and Entre-Sambre-et-Meuse on the left, the language of the people is perfectly distinct from those of its various neighbours. With the frontier of Prussia on one hand, and Brabant on the other, it resembles neither German nor Flemish, but remains what it has ever been, a language apart. This language is the Walloon.

Its origin and character have given rise to much discussion amongst the learned, and many ingenious theories have been raised by different philologists, who have sought to derive it from all but its most obvious source—some tracing it exclusively from the Latin, others from the German, others again from the Celtic,

Digitized by Google

and some unhesitatingly ascribing to it a Flemish parentage. This last derivation is esteemed by the Liégeois themselves, "the unkindest cut of all;" and it is on this account that, whenever the romances of Walter Scott are spoken of in Liége—and translations of his works are widely spread throughout Belgium—one of the comments invariably made is on the great error he committed, when, in Quentin Durward, he makes the citizens of Liége speak Flemish; for they justly assert that there is not a single monument, or street, or corner, in the old city, whose appellation is in the slightest degree connected with the Flemish tongue, to say nothing of the living proofs that exist in the still surviving literature of the Walloons, and the daily speech of the people.

Jealous, as the Liégeois naturally are, of the little nationality that time has left them, they deeply feel the attempt to confound their language with the unharmonious tongue of the Low Countries; and Sir Walter's mistake injures them the more from its having been carelessly adopted by others — Victor Hugo, in his recent work "Le Rhin," being one of the most notable examples.

But it is not by foreigners alone that this heresy has been propagated. Paquot, a learned man, and himself a native of the province of Liége, asserts in one of his works,* that a part of the inhabitants of Liége,

* "Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire littéraire du pays de Liége."

Digitized by Google

particularly in the faubourg of St. Walburge, formerly spoke Flemish. He, however, adduces no proof, while, on the other hand, an authority of the greatest weight, the noble chronicler, Jacques de Henricourt,* who wrote, not in the last century, but in the year 1360, expressly states that it was the custom in the thirteenth century for the Liégeois nobility to place their sons as pages in the castles of the county of Looz, for the purpose of learning Flemish. This testimony is decisive against Paquot; but negative proofs are not the only ones in confirmation of a different origin for the Walloon.

That origin is undoubtedly Gaulish, though few traces remain of so remote a parentage: they are chiefly to be found in the names of places whose etymology is derivable from no existing language. Its principal modifications arose from the influence of the Latin of the cloister during the dark ages, an influence that eventually formed the "Langue Romane." As that learned archæologist, the Baron de Reiffenberg, remarks:†—"The Walloon is the 'Langue Romane,' or French language, directly sprung from the degenerate Latin; from the Latin which became the prevailing language of the Gauls. The Celtic, the *tudesque*, and other words borrowed from different tongues which are to be found in it, form only a secondary element; but the syntax of those languages has doubtless considerably affected it."

* "Miroir des Nobles de la Hesbaye," p. 281.
† "Cronique de Philippe Mousques."—*Introduction.*

Digitized by Google

Sanmery, who was not so deeply skilled in philology, observes in the "Délices du pays de Liége": "Let it not be imagined that the populace of Liége speak French. Their language is only a Gaulish patois—such as the Walloon; but so disfigured that the French understand but a few words of it, and then only by paying great attention when it is spoken. They are themselves perfectly understood by this people (the Liégeois), but they labour under the disadvantage of not understanding them. It must be owned that certain works of imagination, such as sonnets, epigrams, madrigals, satires, *bonmots*, and witty expressions in this patois, possess a delicacy and energy which it would be difficult to translate into any other language, and more particularly into the French. No person of intelligence who understands this language can refuse it his admiration."

Although there is every reason for believing that the Walloon idiom was spoken and written during the earliest periods of the history of Liége, yet no monuments exist to prove it anterior to the ninth century. It was certainly the common language of the people in the time of Bishop Notger, for he is described as employing it when he preached to them, whereas, in addressing the clergy he always spoke Latin:—

> "Vulgari plebem, clerum sermone latino
> Erudit et satiat magna dulcedine verba."*

The jongleurs, who about this time first made their

* Chapeauville, "Gest. Pontif. Leod. Script.:" Fisen, "Hist. Eccl. Leod."

Digitized by Google

appearance, necessarily used the common tongue, and the songs, *chansons de gestes*, and romances of chivalry which succeeded, and which formed the delight of the people, were composed in the popular dialect.

The war cries uttered on the field of battle are irrefragable monuments of the language spoken by the combatants. In 1213 the battle of the Warde des Steppes was gained by the Liégeois over the Brabançons. In the army of Liége were the contingents brought by the Counts of Limburg, of Namur, of Looz, &c.; and many of the latter were unfortunately slain by the Liégeois, owing to their speaking *Tudesque*, and being consequently mistaken for Brabançons. This distinction between the dialects of Liége and Looz prevails at the present day.

The idiom employed by Bishop Notger in the eighth century continued to be the medium through which the people were addressed by the preachers, and was so popularly identified, that when, in the year 1451, the apostolic legate, Nicolas Cusani, wished to interfere in the affairs of the clergy of Liége, the latter refused to obey him, alleging that the bull conferred on him as legate no jurisdictional power over the Walloons, but only over the Germans.*

The Lord's Prayer was also invariably recited in Walloon at Liége. The subjoined version, though somewhat Frenchified by the author who gives it,†

* Foullon, "Hist. Episc. Leod."

† Davity, "Description de l'Europe." Paris, 1660, in folio.

Digitized by Google

may serve to denote some of the characteristics of the language.

"Nos peer kest â cier, santifié se ti nom. Ti royâme nos avienn. Ta volontei so faite en l'terr com â cier. Diné no nos pein k'tidien ajourdhu: et pardon no pechei com no pardonn no detteu. Et nos indus nin en tentation, mein delivre no de mal. Amen."

As a proof of the identity of the Walloon language at an interval of four hundred years, the following story is cited by M. Henaux, who has devoted much time to the consideration of the subject:—"In the month of July, 1477, seven Hungarians, who had just made the pilgrimage to Aix la Chapelle, came by invitation to Liége. To the surprise of everybody, they spoke the most perfect Walloon, absolutely identical with that spoken in the city. Inquiry as to the cause being made, the strangers stated that they formed part of a colony of Liégeois, who, in consequence of famine in their native country, had left it and settled at Agra in Hungary, in the year 1052. The King of Hungary had readily admitted them into his dominions, and gave up to them an uncultivated district, which soon became covered with houses, and was called by the natives the "Walloon Villages" (Gallica loca). To ascertain the truth of this statement, the ancient chronicles of the city, preserved in the cathedral, were examined, and in them were found the details of the famine in the year 1052, which expatriated so many of the Liégeois. The

Digitized by Google

burgomasters and *échevins* accordingly signed and put the city's seal upon an attestation, which they gave to the Hungaro-Walloons, recognising that the latter derived their origin from the Pays de Liége.

With the exception of certain changes in the orthography, and some augmentations to the vocabulary, the Walloon language of the present day differs little from that of the fifteenth century; in pronunciation it remains the same.

The earliest work in Walloon, to which a positive date can be affixed, appeared in the year 1060, and consisted of a collection of popular enigmas in verse: it was made by Egbert, a monk of Liége, and met with much success. There are many evidences of the peculiar poetical tendencies of the Walloons, and they are particularly noticeable in the accounts which have been handed down of the Saturnalia which, under the name of *Fêtes de la Reine*, were celebrated in Liége about the middle of the twelfth century. On these occasions the clergy, as well as the people, appeared in grotesque dresses, and danced in the churches and streets, accompanying their songs, which were not remarkable for decency, with the beating of drums and the music of other instruments. Political songs were also much in vogue, indicating the popular feeling; and the satirical humour which has always been the first characteristic of Walloon poetry, rendered them extremely piquant. The first of these *paskeies* (the Walloon word for poetical satires), of which mention

Digitized by Google

is made, was composed and sung by the Liégeois on the capture of the castle of St. Walburge, in the year 1250, and from that time there appears to have been no lack of them. The scandalous life of Henry of Gueldres originated many of these satires; that which was made on the occasion of his infamous abuse of the hospitality of Coene le Frison, was sung in all the streets, and his deposal at the Council of Lyons gave rise, says Mélart, to numberless "satyres, vadevilles, et chansons diffamantes et bouffones."*

These political songs have all unfortunately been lost in the destruction which has swept away so many of the public records and monuments of ancient Liége; but the ordinary songs of the people, anterior to the political era, and transmitted carefully from father to son, yet survive. Most of these were of a semi-religious type, and were usually sung on Sundays and fête days, in the public squares, the cloisters, and often in the cemeteries, diversifying the games with which the people amused themselves. In the evening they assembled before the chapels or images of saints, at the corners of the streets, to sing canticles in the popular dialect—a custom that still prevails in the faubourgs and the country. Among these rhythmical legends are many Noels, which are very curious in several points of view. The following specimen, which is extracted from a collection of Walloon songs

* "Hist. de la Ville de Huy.," l. iii. p. 157.

Digitized by Google

and poems recently published, will give some idea of their nature :—*

NOEL.

MAREÏE.

Doux Diew, so-j'ewaraye ! qu'est c'qui j'ô dire ?
In ang' vès les doze heûre est v'nou d'â cîre,
Qu'a v'nou dire â† biergî, qu' estît â champs,
Que l' Messeïe esteut v'nou, qu'on d'mandéf tant ;
Oh ! ouiss' corez-v' si vit', kipér' Bietmé ?
L' av' oïou dire ossi d' ouss' qui vos v'nez ?

[Sweet God, how astonished I am ! what is it I hear ?
An angel towards midnight is come from Heaven :
Has come to tell the shepherds, who were in the fields,
That the Messiah was come, so much asked for ;
Oh ! where do you run so quickly, Father Bietmé ?
Have you heard it also where you come from ?]

BIETMÉ.

Oh ! i n'y a rin d'pus vraye, kimér Mareïe ; ‡
Tots les voësins coret po l'allé veïe ;
Ji l'a veïou l'prumî, j'el pout bin dîre,
Il est né d'vin on stâ, ci rivet des cîre,
Comm' li pus pauv' dè mond', ca i n'a rin
Qu' in' krippe et on pou d'four po l'mett' divin.

* "Choix de Chansons et Poesies Wallonnes." Recuellies par MM. B*** et D***. Liége, 1844. The collection is interesting, but it would have been more valuable had a glossary been added.

† As a slight guide to the pronunciation of Walloon, the reader must remember that the "â circumflex" is pronounced like "o."

‡ *Kimer*,—Scottice, *Kimmer*.

Digitized by Google

[Oh! there is nothing more true, gossip Mary;
All the neighbours run to see him;
I have seen him the first, I can well say so;
He is born in a stall, this little king of Heaven,
Like the poorest in the world, for there is nothing
But a crib and a little hay to put him in.]

On bouf, in agn' sofflet po l' rischafé;
Sins çoula, ji n' sé k'mint qu' i pout duré;
Li binamé trôn' tot, i môur di freûd;
Ji m'li va vit' poërté on bon cofteû;
Li pauv' mére esst ossi tote égealaye,
N'av' nin on pau dè legn' po fé n' blamaye?

[An ox (and) an ass breathe to warm him;
Without that, I don't know how he could live.
The well-beloved trembles all over, he will die of cold;
I am going quickly to take him a good covering;
The poor mother is also quite frozen,
Have you not a little wood to make her a fire?]

MAREÏE.

Si fait, passez por cial qwand vos irez,
Ji m' li va fa on fa, vos lî poëtrez;
J'a eco des lign'rai, j'el's i donret,
Des beguins et des fahe et on bonnet,
Et s' li poëtrèt j' ossi saqwant pan'hai,
On pau dè souc, dè boûrre et dè lessai.

[Oh, yes, call for that when you go,
I will make her a faggot, you will take it;

Digitized by Google

I have also some linen, which I will give her,
Some hoods and veils, and a cap.
I will also take her some small loaves,
A little sugar,* some butter and milk.
* * * * *

This kind of dialogue is carried on through several stanzas; and after all the proposed offerings have been named, Bietmé politely offers his arm to Mary to assist her through the dirt.

Mareïe, tinez-m'po l'bress', ca vos toumrî,
I fait bin trop mâva, vos v' degrettrî.

[Mary, take my arm, for you will tumble,
The road is much too bad, you will make yourself all over mud.]

Arrived near the spot where the infant Jesus is lying, Mary exclaims:—

Qu'est c'qui j'veû là làvà, est c'là qu'il est?
Ji veû comme in 'clârté drî ci croupet.

[What is that I see yonder, is it there he is?
I see something like a light behind that tuft.]

Bietmé replies:—

Awet, kimér Mareïe, là nos l'trouv'ran;
Vos n'avez mâïe veïou on s'fait èfant.

* This was probably an addition to the old Noel, when sugar became the common substitute for other modes of sweetening.

Digitized by Google

Il est blanc comme in 'nîv', s'esst-i-rondlet ;
On l'magn'reût bin tot crou, si bai qu'il est.

[Yes, gossip Mary, there we shall find him ;
You never in your life saw so well-made a child :
He is white as an egg, and so plump ;
One could eat him undressed, he is so lovely.]

Mary, who has been followed by several companions, is afraid to go in, and says to Bietmé :—

Vos inturrez l'prumî, kipér' Bietmé,
Ca por nos n'savan k'mint qu'i fât fé.
Nos loukran après vos ; mi feye, vinez,
Tinez-m'di drî po l'cotte, et s'-mi sûvez ;
Ai sogn' tot z-intrant dè fé l'honneûr,
Et di v'jetté à g'no d'vant noss' Sâveur.

[You will enter the first, Father Bietmé,
For we do n't know what we ought to do.
We will look at him after you ; 'i faith, come,
Hold me behind by the jacket, and so follow me ;
Take care all as you enter to do him honour,
And to throw yourselves on your knees before our Saviour.]

Bietmé is the pink of politeness ; he replies :—

Avou voss' permission, tot 'li k'pagneïe ;
Bonjoû, binamaye Dam' nos v'vinan veïe ;
N's apoërtan on qwâtron di novais oû
Et in' mich qui n'est cûte i n'y a qu'on joû.

Digitized by Google

S'a-j'eco on coſteû, po afulé
Voss' pauv' pitit èfant qu'esst ègealé.

Bonjou, sàveur de mi am', mi binamé,
Qu'a-j'mâ m'cour di v'veï tant èduré !
Loukî, kimér 'Mareïe, à foëc' di freud
Les lam' tourmet d'ses oûïe, gross' comm' des peu.
Ca, vos direz à l'mér, çou qu'vos estez,
Et fan vite in' blamaye po l'reschâfé.

[With your permission, all the company ;
Good day, well-beloved lady ; we have come to see you ;
We have brought a quarter of a hundred of new laid eggs,
And a loaf, which was only baked yesterday.
I have also a covering, to wrap up
Your poor little child, who is frozen.

Good day, saviour of my soul, my well-beloved,
My heart is sore to see you suffer so !
Look, gossip Mary, the cold is so severe
It makes the tears fall from his eyes, as large as peas.
Now, tell the mother who you are,
And make a fire quickly to warm her.]

Mary next performs the hospitable objects of her mission, expressing herself all the while in the same simple and quaint language — as if she were rather ministering to the wants of a neighbour's child than to the Son of God—and before taking leave she asks permission to kiss him. The Noel closes with a moral reflection.

Digitized by Google

Several of these Noels begin with an expression of doubt as to the truth of the joyful advent, expressed sometimes in a dialogue between a herald-angel and a shepherd, sometimes in a discussion between two peasants. In the former case the angel generally speaks French, the shepherd Walloon, as in the following Noel, which is written in the dialect of Verviers.

UN ANGE.

Allons, pasteur, qu'on se reveille !
Un Dieu vient de naitre en ce lieu ;
Il est venu vous rendre heureux ;
C'est l'objet sans pareil.
Il fait éclater en touts lieux
Ses merveilles.

UN BERGER.

Quu d'hez-v'dô, binamaie ?
Quu v'nez-v'tant barbotter ?
Allez ! v's estez troûblaie
Du nos v'ni tant temter.
Rutournez au pus vite
Au païs d'où qu'vos v'nez,
Ni mi, ni m'sour Magrite
Nos n'nos saurin lever.

[What is it you say, well-beloved ? What is it you have come to prate about ? Go along ! you must be crazy to come here to tempt us so. Return as fast as you can to the country from whence you came. Neither myself nor my sister Margaret will stir for you.]

Digitized by Google

L' ANGE.

Que dites vous, berger fidèle ?
Vous vous trompez on ne peut plus ;
Venez reconnaitre Jesus,
Le fils de l'Eternel
Qui vient reparer vos abus
D'un saint zèle.

LE BERGER.

C'esst on' furieus' misère ;
On n' saureût gott' doirmi,
Avon lu tintamôres
Quu vos v'nez fer voci.
Jans ! faut veîe su c'est veur
Cou qu' vos nos racontez.
Portaut nos a' polans creure
Tot veîant ciss' clôrté.

[It 's a great annoyance ; one cannot get a wink of sleep for the uproar that you come and make here. Jans ! we must see if it is true what you come and tell us. However, we may even believe you, seeing this bright light.]

The remainder of the Noel exhibits the conviction and adoration of the shepherd.

There was one popular song of great antiquity in Liége, which had nothing to do with either politics or religion, though it was often looked upon with dread, as the precursor of popular disturbances. This was the famous *Crâmignon*, known better as a dance than a song, but always accompanied by the latter. As

Digitized by Google

soon as winter was gone and the *fêtes* of the different parishes began, the *Crâmignon* made its appearance,

and lasted through the summer and autumn. It was danced sometimes by girls, sometimes by young men, but more frequently by both together, hand in hand, forming a chain of great length, which went winding and turning through the streets, along the quays, across the squares, and into every nook and corner of the city, waking the inhabitants, if any slept, with the loud chorus,—its accompaniment. To lead the dance, it was necessary to possess great physical force and strength of lungs; this was called "*miné l'Crâmignon*," as it is expressed in the old verse—

Prindé voss baston, Simon,
Es miné li Crâmignon.

Digitized by Google

The words of the song are trivial, and express the determination of a certain gentleman, named Pîron, not to dance unless he is supplied with every separate article of dress, each of the most approved kind. It begins thus:—

1.

Pîron n' vout nin dansé
S'i n' a des nous solés ; } bis.
Ét des solés tot ronds
Po fé dansé Pîron. } bis.

[Pîron will not dance at all unless he has new shoes; and shoes quite round to make Pîron dance.]

2.

Pîron n' vout nin dansé
S'i n' a des noûvès châsses } bis.
Des châssettes
Totes vettes,
Et des solés tot ronds—
Po fé dansé Pîron.

And so on through all the articles of the toilette. But although the words of the *Crâmignon* are insignificant, the music to which it is set is pleasing, and, like that of the Noels, the melody is rather plaintive than gay.

The rulers of the Liégeois did not always look upon the *Chanson d'Crâmignon* as merely an innocent pastime. Under the apprehension of riots, edicts were

Digitized by Google

frequently proclaimed against it. One of these, in 1685, has for its object, "to prevent that custom of the citizens of both sexes from assembling and running through the streets in great numbers, under pretence of amusement, during the festivals of the parishes;" and prohibiting any meetings or dances after nine o'clock in the evening. The *Crâmignon*, however, survived these ordinances, though it is now all but forgotten.

I have said that one of the tendencies of the Walloon muse was towards satire; satire is, indeed, its principal characteristic, though it is by no means wanting in gracefulness of expression, picturesqueness of imagery, or power of thought. Amongst the most remarkable specimens of this kind, the *Paskeie*, called "Les Aiwes di Tongue" (the Waters of Tongres), written in 1700, is perhaps the best known. It was the production of a lawyer, named De Rickman, and, though composed only for the author's amusement, had the effect of entirely discrediting the efficacy of the mineral springs of Tongres, which, according to this poem, were of no value, while the medical men who gave it their recommendation, did so merely on account of the money which they received for their good word.

The few last lines state this opinion in terms sufficiently intelligible:—

Et ji v's assûr' qui l'pus grand bin,
Qù'ill fret, ci seret âs flamins,

Digitized by Google

Qu' à ciss' fin là ont foirt payi
Trint' deûx docteûrs avou l' gazli.
Hérôd' ni d'na nin tant d'àrgint
Po fer mori les ennocints.

[And I assure you, that the greatest good they will do will be to the Flemings, who for this purpose have well-paid thirty-two doctors. Herod never gave so much money to procure the deaths of the Innocents.]

But, as may readily be supposed, the literature of the Walloons was not limited to poetical effusions, though these alone have, for obvious reasons, survived. Not only were all the municipal acts and public treaties written in Walloon, but it finally extended to the ecclesiastical courts, and was the exclusive language of the early historians. A brief enumeration of some of the principal of these may suffice:—Luc de Tongres wrote a history of the Liégeois in 1070; the Life of St. Bathilde was composed by Lambert le Bègue in 1173; Enguerran de Bar, a canon of the cathedral, wrote his "Chronique des Liégeois" in 1203; another work, bearing the same name, by the Canon Radulphus, appeared in 1216; and the "Chronique des Vavassours," drawn up by Bishop de Pierrepoint, followed in 1225; Guillaume de Pettersen, Jean de Bal, and Jean Dupin subsequently wrote histories in Walloon, and in 1390 the celebrated Jean d'Outremeuse gave his famous Chronicle to the world, which still remains inedited.

Digitized by Google

The "Miroir des Nobles de Hesbaye," written by Messire Jacques de Hemricourt in 1398, is the best known work of that period extant. It has passed through several editions, and is valuable for the genealogical information which it contains.*

The long years of anarchy and suffering which desolated Liége for the greater part of the fifteenth century, appear to have thrown an interdict upon all literary exertion, which extended to the seventeenth; and during this interval, the ascendancy of the French language became so great as entirely to supersede the Walloon, for all the purposes of biography or history. The popular dialect, in fact, only retained its hold through the medium of poetry; but, as if to avenge herself for the neglect which had fallen upon the sister muse, the triumphs of the latter were more brilliant than they had ever been before. The eighteenth century may, indeed, be looked upon as the Augustan era of Walloon poetry, when it flourished in every shape, —heroic, lyrical, and dramatic. We have already spoken of "Les Aiwes di Tongue," or "Tonk," as it is sometimes written, and this was followed, about 1725, by the "Pasquée critique et calotène so les Affaires del Médicène,"—an amusing and elegantly-written poem. In 1757 appeared the first of a series of Walloon dramas, intituled "Li Ligeoi Egagi," a burlesque opera, by J. J. Fabry; followed successively

* The best edition is that published in folio at Brussels, in 1672, by the Sieur de Salbray.

Digitized by Google

by "Les Ypocontes," of S. de Harlez; "Li Voïegge di Chofontaine," of de Cartier; and "Li Fiesse di Houte-si-Plou," of H. G. de Vivario. All these works had great success, and the merit of Hamal's music, to which they were married, may be inferred from the fact of its having elicited the frequent praise of the celebrated composer Grétry. But even before the popular admiration for these poems had subsided, the French language again predominated, and the Society of Emulation, founded in 1779, succeeded in banishing the Walloon from literature and society,—a task the less difficult, as the necessity for a richer and more copious language became apparent. Some swans, however, still sang their dying strains, the most noticeable amongst whom was Martin Simonis, who flourished so lately as 1831. He was a workman in an iron-foundry, and a true scion of the "genus irritabile," the caprices of his muse, at war with the constituted authorities, consigning him not unfrequently to the public prison. His greatest misfortune, however, was an uncontrollable fondness for *pequet*,* and from his indulgence in it he was rarely to be found sober. When reproached by a friend for this fatal predilection, and urged to abandon it, his reply was,—*Kiment, vos pinsez sûremint, vos! qui j'laireu là comme çoula on mesti qui m' a costé si chêr à apprinde!*" (What! do you really

* The name of the juniper-bush, in Walloon, is *pequet*; and geneva, however made, is called by the same name.

Digitized by Google

think, now, that I shall leave off an art that has cost me so much to learn?)

At the present moment efforts are being made amongst the *litterateurs* of Liége to revive, if not the Walloon language, at least a knowledge of what it was, and foremost among these literary patriots is the author of "The Travels of Alfred Nicolas,"—a work that obtained some celebrity in Belgium about ten years ago. The "Wallonades," which he has lately published,* are written in an easy, agreeable manner; and although the satire of the principal poem, called "Montfort," is directed entirely against the wandering propensities and insatiable curiosity of our countrymen, the English reader will hardly fail to be amused by it. M. Simonon has also in the press a collection of "Poésies en Patois de Liége;" a "Dictionnaire Etymologique de la langue Wallonne" is in preparation; and to the "Etudes Historiques et Litteraires par le Wallon," by Ferdinand Henaux, I have myself been much indebted.

* Liége. Felix Oudart, éditeur. 1845.

Digitized by Google